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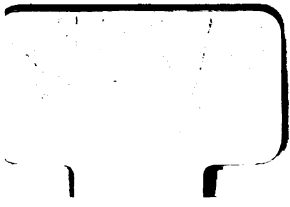
E. 15.



MODERN CHARACTERS

For 1778.

By SHAKESPEAR.

———To hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature; to ſhew *Virtue*, her own Feature.——*Scorn*, her own Image; and the very Age, and Body of the Time, his Form, and Preſſure.———

HAMLET.

LONDON:

Printed, and ſold by D. BROWN, No. 6, Catherine-ſtreet, Strand; and all the Bookſellers in Town and Country.

M,DCC,LXXVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following CHARACTERS are said to owe their *modern arrangement*, to the *New Year's Whim* that precedes them: but whether they found their way to that universal, and fashionable Register the MORNING POST, by the channel of accident, or design, the present Compiler will not venture to determine.—He deems it sufficient for him to have collected them carefully;—to have corrected their typographical errors, and present them to the world with additions from the other Prints who imitated the design;—thus forming a general Collection of these *Modern Likenesses* for the amusement of the *Beau Monde*, and proving to the world, that the Characters drawn by the pencil of SHAKESPEAR, are striking copies from the universal *School of Nature*, and will therefore represent the features of every age, down to the latest posterity.

THE COMPILER.

March 18, 1778.

MODERN CHARACTERS.

NEW YEAR's FROLIC, for 1778.

Jan. 2, 1778.

A Convivial circle of Perſons of Diſtinction aſſembled yeſterday in *Groſvenor-ſquare*, to uſher in the New Year, where, after dinner, it was diſputed for ſome time,—"What Author had drawn "the moſt numerous and finiſhed likeneſſes of man-"kind?"—An old faſhioned Peer, the noble owner of the hotel, contended for *Shakeſpear*; but the whole groupe diſſented, by obſerving, that his portraits were obſolete, and more of *caricatures* than characters. Piqued at this extraordinary judgment, the venerable Nobleman went immediately to his library, and returning with a large folio edition of his favourite Poet, informed the company, that a whim had juſt ſtruck him, which would probably decide the diſpute; deſiring at the ſame time, that each of the party would write the names of their moſt intimate friends, as well as their own, upon ſmall ſlips of paper, which he further requeſted might be dropped promiſcuouſly into the volume at the various places he ſhould open; after which he would carefully ſee whether the *dead Painter of Nature* would not be able to hit off a *living likeneſs* on two out of the number.—His requeſt being complied

plied with, the book was indiſcriminately opened ſeveral times before all preſent, when the annexed names, to the aſtoniſhment of the *faſhionable infidels*, were found lying upon the following paſſages;—a fair tranſcript of which, as they occurred, was made, without diſtinction of rank or ſex, and voted by a conſiderable majority, to be ſent to the *Morning Poſt*.—Our Correſpondent will not vouch for the *likeneſſes*, but ſuch as they are, preſents them to the *beau monde*, under the title of

Modern CHARACTERS *by* SHAKESPEAR.

Mrs. C——WE.

WHY, if two gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one,—there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor, rude world,
Hath not her fellow——

Merch. V. Act III.

Duke of M——GH.

——Take phyſic pomp!
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt!——

Lear, Act III.

Lady W——N.

You ſeem to be as *Diàn* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud, ere it be blown;

But

But you are more intemp'rate in your blood
Than *Venus!*——

Much Ado, Act IV.

Duke of B——N.

Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a *Calf*, on that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you—for you have juſt his bleat!——

Ditto, Act V.

Lord T—NS—D.

And I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of—I am a pepper-corn,—a brewer's horſe!—The inſide of a church!—Company, villainous company, hath been the ſpoil of me.

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act III.

Lady D——LA——R.

Another taken from me too? Why juſt Heav'n,
Am I ſtill left the laſt in life, and woe?

Rich. III. Act II.

Lord M—L—NE.

———Will you have me, Lady?
———No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days.—Your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day.

Much Ado, Act II.

Lord

Lord M——F——T.

——Heaven made him, and therefore let him paſs for *man!*

Merch. V. Act VI.

Mrs. B——V——IE.

All of her that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind as rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird, and I
Have loſt the wager!

Cymb. Act II.

Gen. B——G——NE.

He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now he's turn'd *Orthographer*; his words are a fantaſtical banquet.

Much Ado, Act II.

Lord B——G——KE.

——By your leave, ſweet Ladies!
If I chance to talk wild, forgive me:—
I had it from my father.—He was very mad,
And kiſs'd you twenty with a breath,
As I do now!——

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Dutch. of P——TL——D.

Diſdain, and ſcorn, ride ſparkling in her eye,
Miſprizing what they look on:—and her *wit*

Values

Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her's
All matter elſe ſeems weak. ——

Much Ado, Act III.

D. of D——N——R.

See where he ſteals!—Told I you not *Benvolio*,
That we ſhould find this melancholy Walker
Lock'd in ſome gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary ſilence?

Rom. and Jul. Act I.

Lord H——G——N.

When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife;—he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were inviſible: —the genius of famine! and leteherous a monkey!

Hen. IV. *Part* II. Act III.

Lord C——MD——N.

——————When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
And ſteals his ſweat, and honied ſentences!

Hen. V. Act I.

Lord Le D——s——r.

Come! ſing me a *bawdy ſong*, to make me merry. I was once as virtuouſly given as a Gentleman need be!—went to a bawdy-houſe not above once a quarter of an hour!—but now I live out of all order, and compaſs!

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act III.

Duch.

Dutch. of D—SH—RE.

Oh! ſhe doth teach the porches how to ſhine!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.

Rom. and Jul. Act I.

Sir W. W. W—SE.

Bardolph! am not I fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action?—Do not I bate?—Do I not dwindle?—Why my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown!—I am withered like an old apple-john!

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act I.

Lady H. ST—PE.

Could *he* get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it! we know his handywork; therefore, good mother, to whom am I indebted for theſe limbs?—Sir *Robert* never helpt to make this leg!

K. John, Act I.

Lord H—RC—T.

His breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; that very moment
Conſideration, like an Angel, came
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him.

Hen. VI. Act I.

Lady S—FT—N.

I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both apparell'd like young men,

prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace.

Cymb. Act III.

Lord M——SF——D.

——They vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exertions; yet the *King*, our Maſter,
Eſcapes not language unmannerly.

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Hon. Mrs. D——R.

Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? Say thou but ay,
And this bare little word ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice!

Romeo and Jul. Act III.

The ROYAL CHILDREN.

——They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head:——and yet as rough
(Their royal blood enchaf'd) as the rudeſt wind
That ſhakes the mountain pine!

Cymb. Act IV.

Sir Jos. M—W—EY.

His reaſons are as *two grains* of wheat, hid in two buſhels of chaff. You ſhall ſeek all day, ere you find them, and when you have found them, they are not worth the ſearch. *Merch. of V.* Act I.

Dow. Lady H——WE.

That I could ſhift my ſex, and dye me deep
In their oppoſers blood!——But as I may
With *woman*'s weapons, piety, and prayers,
Ill aid their cauſe!

Lear, Act V.

Sir ED. W——MS.

Yet *Benedict* was ſuch another; and now he is become a man. He ſwore he would never marry, and yet now, in deſpite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging.

Much Ado, Act III.

Marquis of L——Y.

Alas, poor *Romeo!* he's already dead, ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye!——run thro' the ear with a love-ſong——and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt?*

Rom. and *Jul.*

Lord C——T——RY.

Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart, and me,
Hold thee my *ſon* for ever!

Lear, Act I.

Her

Her MAJ——Y.

Thy moſt amazing excellence ſhall be
Fame's triumph in ſucceeding ages; when
Thy bright example ſhall adorn the ſcene,
And teach the world *perfection!*

Lear, Act III.

Lady A——N P——CY.

For ſhe is wiſe, If I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is—if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſh hath proved herſelf;
And therefore like herſelf,—*wiſe, fair, and* true,
Shall be pla 'd!—— *Merch.* of *V.* Act II.

M-rq--s of L—TH—N.

Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb,
He held a pouncet box!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lord B——L.

He hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able! *Merch.* of *V.* Act I.

Sir T. F——K——D.

——————Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous!
Merch. of *V.* Act IV.

Lady T——NS——ND.

A'as! what would the wretched *Edgar* with
The more unfortunate *Cordelia!*
Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her Edgar's arms to *Burgundy!*
Lear, Act I.

Lord SUFF——K.

The Gentleman is learn'd;—a moſt rare ſpeaker;
To Nature none more bound; but he, my Lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the *Graces*
That once were his! *Hen.* VIII. Act I.

Lord PL—M——TH.

Thou art ſo fat witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon,—that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. *Hen.* IV. Part I. Act I.

Pr—— of W——s.

For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity,—and a hand
Open as day for melting charity!

Yet

Yet notwithſtanding, being intens'd, he's flint,
As humourous as winter! *Hen.* IV. Act III.

Lady C. M—K——ZIE.

Love heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Mis-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
This love feel I, but ſuch my froward fate,
That there I love, where moſt I ought to hate!
Rom. and *Juliet*, Act I.

Lord ED——————BE.

Why love forſwore me in my mother's womb?
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh! monſtrous thought! *Rich.* III. Act I.

Lady B. T——CHE.

————But who dare tell her ſo?
She'd mock me into air! O ſhe would laugh me out
of myſelf! preſs me to death with *wit!*
Much Ado, Act III.

Lord S——D——CH.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans!
Merch. of *V.* Act I.

Lord A——E.

He hears merry tales, and ſmiles not;
I fear he will prove the *weeping Philoſopher* when he

grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. *Ditto*——*Ditto*.

Lord MOLES——TH.

Ay, that's a *dolt* indeed; for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation, that he can ſhoe him himſelf! I am much afraid my Lady, his mother, play'd foul with *a Smith*. *Ditto*——*Ditto*,

Lord R——NS——TH.

——————Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſe, call my train together!
Degenerate viper, I'll not trouble thee!

Lear, Act I.

Lady M'D——LD.

——————Hence, baſhful *cunning!*
And prompt me plain, and holy *innocence?*
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant
Whether you will or no! *Tempeſt*, Act III.

Lady EG——N.

——————Were't not better,
Becauſe that *I* am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man,
A gallant cutlaſs by my ſide;

A bear

A boar ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing, and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

As you Like it, Act I.

Lady M——son.

——— ——The full ſum of me
Is, an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this; ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; happieſt of all,
That ſhe commits herſelf to you to be directed.

Merch. of V. Act II.

Sir L—— D———.

The ſkilful ſhepherds peel'd me certain wands
And ſtuck them up before the fulſom ewes:
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Merch of V. Act I.

Mrs. Jod——l.

Oh, were thoſe eyes in heav'n,
They'd thro' the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were the morn!

Rom. and *Juliet*, Act II.

Duke

Duke of D——T.

I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! a Lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet, about you, Sir: I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lord ED. B——CK.

'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*.
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant contrivance.

Merch. of *V.* Act I.

Lady S——Y.

If that thy love be honourable,
Then all my fortune's at thy feet I'll lay:
And follow thee, my love, thro'out the world!

Rom. and *Juliet*, Act II.

Lord AM——ST.

Where's *Gloſter* now, that us'd to head the fray,
And ſcour the ranks where deadlieſt dangers lay?
How like a *Shepherd* in a lonely ſhade,
Idle, unarm'd, and liſt'ning to the fight!

Lear, Act V.

Lady

Lady Ack——d.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! He is at Milford-haven!
How far is't thither? If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I glide thither
in a day? *Cymb.* Act IV.

Mad. Schw——g.

You've ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
By what means got I leave to your own conſcience,
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the ways
you have for dignity. *Hen.* VIII. Act III.

Lord T——ple.

——————Now baniſh'd *Kent*,
If thou canſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours. *Lear*, Act I.

Duke of B——po——r.

He hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him!—He hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue ſpeaks. *Much Ado*, Act III.

Lord A——n P——y.

For having ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He finds the joys of heav'n here on earth;

And

And if on *earth* he does merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to *heav'n!*

Merch. of *V.* Act III.

Mrs. M——N.

Too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation can I afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome,

Much Ado, Act I.

Lord K—LLY.

O thou art a perpetual triumph! an everlaſting bonfire light! Thou haſt ſaved me many thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as cheap at the deareſt chandler's in Europe.—I have maintained that *Salamander* of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years;——Heav'n reward me for't!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act III.

The K——G.

Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And all admiring with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the KING were made a *Prelate!*
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd ſay it hath been all in all his ſtudy.

Liſt

Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in muſic.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe
Familiar as his garter. *Hen.* V. Act I.

Miſs Bur——l.

'Tis beauty blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
Twelfth Night, Act I.

Lord H——tf——d.

He ſeems to be of great authority! cloſe with him; give him *gold*; and tho' authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado!
Winter's Tale, Act IV.

D——ſs of G——r.

——————Stand forth, *Hermione*,
A ſhining proof that innocence can bear
Affliction's ſharpeſt tortures unimpair'd,
And from the trial to the wond'ring ſight
Come forth more pure, more amiably bright!
Winters Tale, Act V.

Duke

Duke of N——TH——D.

He ſits amongſt men like a deſcended god;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming! *Cymb.* Act II.

Col. B——RD.

——This is ſome fellow,
Who having been praiſed for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his nature. *Lear*, Act II.

Lady FRAN. M——RS.

O *Hero*! what an angel hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and councils of thy heart!
But fare thee well, moſt foul! moſt fair!
Much Ado, Act IV.

Sir F. N——N.

——Never did I know
A creature that did bear the ſhape of *man*,
So keen and greedy to confound a man!
Merch. of V. Act I.

Hon. Mr. ST——PE.

Thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milkmaid, if ſhe be in love would ſigh it off!
Mea. for Men. Act I.

Lady

Lady D——r—st.

Thou know'ſt the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I deny what I have ſpoke
But farewell compliment! *Rom. and Jul.* Act I.

Lord W. G——.

Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf *Love's traitor:* this is pity now
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he!

King *John*, Act II.

Lord N——th.

——— ——— ——— I profeſs,
That for your Highneſs' good I ever laboured
More than my own;
Tho' all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
Tho' periſs in the State
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in form more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours! *Hen.* VIII. Act III.

Mrs. LEM——TRE.

——— Beſhrew my very heart;
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excells your firſt; or if't did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence, and you no uſe of him!

Rom. and *Jul.* Act III.

Hon. Mr. C—— F—x.

If I become not a *cart* as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act II.

Lady Ar——n.

Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an *inch thick*, to this complexion ſhe muſt come at laſt!

Hamlet, Act V.

Lord H——ke.

——— Did I not fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting falcion,
I could have made 'em ſkip:—I am old now,
And theſe vile croſſes ſpoil me:—out of breath!
Fie! oh, quite of breath and ſpent!

Lear, Act V.

Hon.

Hon. Mrs. E. M——yn.

That I did love the *Moor* to live with him,
My downright violence, and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world.
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul, and fortunes conſecrate.

Othello, Act I.

Mrs. Br—dm—d.

I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes,—ſhe carves,—ſhe gives the leer of invitation!

Merry Wives, Act I.

Lord M——n.

Get thee *glaſs eyes*, and like a ſcurvy politician,
Seem to ſee the things thou doſt not.

Lear, Act IV.

Mr. A——y St—r—e.

What ſay you to young Maſter *Fenton?* he *capers*, he *dances*, he *writes verſes*, he ſmells *April and May*; he will carry it, 'tis *in his buttons*, he will carry it. *Merry Wives Windſor.*

Lord O——w.

I am very proud! revengeful! ambitious! with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to

put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in.—What ſhould ſuch a fellow as I do crawling between earth and heav'n?

Hamlet, Act III.

Lord C——F——D.

He uſes his *folly* like a ſtalking horſe, and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his *wit*.

As you like it, Act V.

Lord T——L.

——— Oh, the curſe of marriage!
That we can call thoſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapours of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uſe! *Othello*, Act III.

Sir JOHN F——D——G.

——— Plate ſins with gold,
And the ſharp lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks.
Through tattered cloaths ſmall vices do appear,
Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all!

Lear, Act IV.

Mr. DE G——Y.

Young ravens muſt have food.

Merry Wives, Act I.

Lady

Lady J——Y.

This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot and moiſt—this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and pray'r
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young, and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels! *Othello*, Act III.

Lord G—V—R.

Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave, I know him not; yet I wrong him to call him poor; they ſay the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeems to be well favour'd.
Merry Wives, Act I.

Lord G—— G——.

Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all!
Hamlet, Act III.

Sir Rob. C—Y—N.

Methinks I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.
Twelfth Night, Act I.

Dutcheſs of C—B—D.

Maids are *May* when they *are* maids; but the ſky changes when they are wives.—I will be more;

jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock over his hen; more clamorous than a *parrot* againſt rain: more new fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing like *Diana* in the fountain, and I will do that when you are diſpoſed to be merry.

As you like it, Act IV.

G. S——YN, Eſq;

——But hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art rude, and bold of ſpeech,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear no fault;
But where thou art not known, why there they ſhew
Something too liberal.

Merch. Ven. Act I.

Lord COLE——NE.

Can my ſides hold, to think that man who knows
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe to by
Will his free hours languiſh out,
For aſſured bondage?

Cymb. Act II.

Lady D——BY.

Bleſſed live you long
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever

Country

Country called his, and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthy fit.

Cymb. Act II.

Sir Ralph P——ne.

He has been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps. O! he has lived long on the alms baſket of words.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Lord Dart——th.

His champions are the Prophets and Apoſtles;
His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ.

Hen. VI. Act I.

Miſs M——on.

In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word
Of wond'rous virtues.

Merch. of Ven. Act I.

Mr. T. Lut——l.

——Oh! he's as tedious.
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I had rather live
With cheeſe and garlick in a windmill far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom!

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act III.

Lady

Lady SARAH B——Y.

Adultery! thou ſhalt not die: die for adultery! No: the wren goes to it, and the ſmall gilded fly Letchers in my ſight. Let copulation thrive!

Lear, Act III.

Lord AB—G——NY.

I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo.

Two Gent. of Verona.

Duke of C——B——D.

God hath bleſt you with a good name! to be well favoured is the gift of fortune, but to write and read, comes by nature.

Much Ado, &c.

Lord W—— G——.

A ſerving man, proud in heart, and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, that ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpoke words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n!

Lear, Act IV.

Sir JOHN D——Y.

Go to!---here's a ſimple line of life.---Here's a ſmall trifle of wives.---Alas, fifteen wives is nothing!

thing! eleven widows, and nine maids is a ſimple coming in for one man.

Merch. of Ven.

Pagg-- W——ton.

Marry, Sir! ſhe's the kitchen wench, and all greaſe, and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her dreſs, and the tallow in them, will burn a whole *Poland* winter!

Comedy of Errors.

Lady Sp—n—r.

——Admired *Miranda!*
Indeed the top of admiration's worth,
What's deareſt in the world. Full many a Lady
Have I ey'd with beſt regard, but you—oh! you
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs are created,
Of every creature's beſt!

Tempeſt, Act III.

Duke of St. Al——'s.

——I am one
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't!

Macbeth, Act III.

Hon.

Hon. Mr. H——B——T.

Why he will look upon his boot, and ſing;---mend his ruff, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I know a man had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a *ſong!*

All's Well, Act II.

Hon. Mrs. H——D——N.

——O happy fair,
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue ſweet and
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, and hawthorn buds appear.

Midſ. Night's Dream, Act I.

Mr. MEY——L.

I charge thee, *huntſman*, tender well my *hounds*: ſaw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Ghider* made it good at the hedge corner, at the coldeſt ſcent? I would not loſe the dog for twenty pounds.

Taming the Shrew.

Mrs. F——OY.

Oh! when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keen, and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchool,
And tho' ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Midſ. Night's Dream, Act III.

Duke of MON——GU.

——Every wretch pale before
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks,

A largeſs.

A largeſs univerſal; like the ſun univerſal,
His liberal eye doth give to every one.

Henry V.

C——o G——n, Eſq.

——Pray you peruſe that letter;
You muſt not now deny it is your own hand;
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention:
You can ſay none of this.

Twelfth Night, Act V.

Lady Car——le.

The morn of Rome, chaſte as the icicle,
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſtream,
And hangs on *Dian's* temple.

Coriolanus.

Lord V——n.

Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner!

All's Well, &c.

Lord W—l—de B—k—n.

He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hour.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Lord Le—ce.

I have lived long enough; my way of life is fallen into the ſear, the yellow leaf;——and that which ſhould

ſhould accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I muſt not look to have; but in their ſtead, curſes, not loud, but deep!

Macbeth, Act IV.

Hon. L—L D—R.

But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head? yea, and underneath, "here dwells *Benedick* the married man!"

Duke of QUEENS——Y.

——Oh, good old man! how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of thoſe times.

As You Like it, Act III.

Lady L——SA M——S.

——A maiden never bold:
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill, and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of Nature,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on!

Othello, Act I.

Earl of AB—R—N.

There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream, and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſs in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As

As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
Merch. of Ven. Act I.

Miſs Moles——th.

Miſtreſs, know yourſelf, down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy: love him, take his offer.
As You Like it, Act III.

Lady Cros—ie,

——Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O *Ferdinand*
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off!
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will out ſtep all praiſe,
And make it halt behind.
Tempeſt, Act IV.

Sir E——d D——ng.

——Thou giv'ſt ſo long, I fear
Thou wilt give thyſelf away in *paper* ſhortly.
Timon of Athens.

Lady Aug. Camp—l.

Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
As having ſenſe of beauty do omit

Their mortal natures, letting ſoft go by
The divine *Deſdemona!*

Othello, Act II.

Lord SHELB—NE.

The devil a puritan he is, or any thing conſtantly, but a time pleaſer, an affected aſs, that cons State without book, and utters it by great ſwaths the beſt perſuaded of himſelf; ſo cramm'd as he thinks with excellencies, that it is ground of faith, that all that look on him—love him.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Mr. S——KES.

I know you are now, Sir, a Gentleman born,
Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe *four hours.*

Winter's Tale, Act V.

Mrs. B——MER.

A pox of ſuch antic *lifping*, affected phantaſies;——theſe new tuners of accents! Why, is not this a lamentable thing, that we ſhould be thus tormented with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers——theſe *pardonney moys?*

Rom. and *Jul.* Act I.

Capt. AYS—GH.

O! that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes! ſpeaks brave words! ſwears brave oaths, and

and breaks them bravely. But all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides!

As you like it, Act III.

Lady C. M——SH——M.

The hand that made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair.

Mea. for Mea. Act II.

Mr. W. D——KE.

——————Why what is *Tibalt*
More than the prince of cats?

Rom. and *Jul.*

Lord SUS——X.

——————Oh, treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughter's mind
By what you ſee them act.

Othello, Act I.

Hon. T. ONS——W.

Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'th' ſun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour. Obſerve him for the love of mockery!

Twelfth Night.

Earl BATH—ST.

Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but in faith as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Much Ado, Act III.

Lady C———.

———Under your patience
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning:
Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to-day;
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a *Stag*.

Titus Andron. Act II.

Mr. CUMB———D.

He'll rhyme you ſo eight years together, dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rate to market;—this is the very falſe gallop of verſe; why do you infect yourſelf with them?

As You Like it, Act III.

Mrs. MONT—GUE.

———For in her age
There is a prone, and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſides ſhe hath proſperous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe;
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Meaſ. for Meaſ. Act I.

Duke

Duke of Grafton.

——I will go wash,
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh or no.

Coriolanus.

Lady Alice Carter.

——Titled goddeſs!
And worth it with addition; but fair ſoul,
In your fond frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a *monument!*

All's Well, A& III.

Mr. Beresby.

Hey-day! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!

Timon of Athens.

Col. Luttrell.

Shall mongrel curs confront the Helicons?
Shall pack-horſes, and pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
That cannot travel thirty miles a-day,
Compare with *Cæſars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks*? and ſhall good news be baffled?
Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof;
Then, *Piſtol!* lay thy head in Fury's lap.

Hen. IV. Part II. *Acts* II. *and* V.

Lady FITZ------K.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where could he find a fairer?

K. John.

Sir W. CUN------m.

If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, (not being a tall fellow) trust me not!

Winter's Tale.

Lady CARM------N.

Two of the fairest stars of oll the heavens,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

Rom. and *Jul.*

Lord VILL---RS.

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is in his cloaths! Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence.

All's Well, Act II.

Mrs. H---B---T.

That woman that cannot make her fault her husband's accusation, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

As you like it, Act IV.

Mr. JEK--LL.

If he have *wit* enough left to keep himself warm, let

let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be a reasonable creature.---Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother! ---He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Much Ado, Act I.

Dr. W-----SON.

If a man do not erect in this age *his own tomb* ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell ring, and the widow weeps.

Much Ado, Act V.

Lord CHAT——M.

Your breath first kindled the dire coal of war,
And brought in matter, that should feed this fire;
And now it is too huge to be blown out.

King John.

Miss CURT—S.

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not scape calumny:——Get thee to a nunnery!

Hamlet, Act IV.

Lord CHOLM——Y.

Be heedful youth, and see you stop by times,
Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,

O'er-

O'erleaping duty, and each due regard,
Hurry thee on to cureleſs woes,
And laſting penitence.

Rom. and *Jul.* Act II.

Lady ANN COV——Y.

Oh! ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch like a burning glaſs.

Merry Wives, Act I.

Sir C. BAMF——DE.

After he ſcores he never pays the ſcore:
He ne'er pays after-debts;—take it before.

All's Well, Act IV.

Lady MACCLES——D.

'Tis a good Lady,—'tis a good Lady: we may pick a thouſand ſallads e'er we light on ſuch another herb: Indeed, Sir, ſhe is the *ſweet marjoram* of the ſallad, or rather the *Herb of Grace!*

Act V.

Sir WATKIN LEW——S.

A certain Knight that ſwore *"by his honor"* they were good pan-cakes, and ſwore by his honor the muſtard was nought:——Now, I'll ſwear to it, the pancakes were nought, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

As you like it, Act I.

Lord.

Lord DON——L.

Sir, for a fifteen-pence he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation!

All's Well, Act IV.

Lady C——KE.

A Lady ſo fair, to be partner'd
With *Tomboys!*—Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you was no Queen,
And you recoil from your great ſtock!

Cymb. Act II.

Lord EGREM——T.

Between two *horſes*, which doth bear him beſt?
Between two *girls*, which hath the merrieſt eye?
He has, perchance, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment!

Henry IV.

Mr. STACK——LE.

It is certain I am lov'd of *all Ladies*, only you excepted.

Much Ado, Act II.

Gov. STRAT——N.

That it may pleaſe thee, leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a *Mourner*;
And preſently repair to Croſby Houſe,
Where after I have ſolemnly interr'd,
At Chertſey monaſtry this injur'd King,

And

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.

Rich. III. Act II.

Lord T. P. CL—TON.

What is *pour quoi?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-beating! O had I but followed the arts!

Twelfth Night.

Lady P. BER—E.

——— ———When you ſpeak ſweet,
I'd have you do't for ever; when you ſing
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo:——when you dance I wiſh you
A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Gov. JOHN——NE.

Let not the heavens hear theſe *tell-tale Women!*

Rich. III. Act IV.

Lady BULK—Y.

Tho' nature, with a beauteous wall,
Doth oft cloſe in pollution,---yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair, and outward character.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Lord

Lord D——by.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite him with the ſerpent's curſe;
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander!

Othello, Act IV.

Duke of Rich—d.

——In this beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions!—'Tis inferr'd to us
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

Timon of Athens.

Miſs W—ſt.

——Make falſe hair, thatch
Your poor thin roof with
Burdens from the dead——
And paint till a horſe may mire upon your face!

Timon of Athens.

Lord Wey——h.

Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a neceſſary Bencher in the Capitol.

Coriolanus, Act II.

Lord R—w—n.

He hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age

age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath better bettered expectation.

Much Ado, Act I.

Lady DOW. TOWNS——D.

She shall be buried with her face upward.

Much Ado.

Sir S---D---Y M---D---WS.

——This gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had incorps'd, and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast.

Hamlet, Act IV.

The *Marquis* and *Marchioness* of GRANBY.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in BLANCH?
If zealous Love should go in search of Virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in BLANCH?
If Love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady BLANCH?
Such as she is, in Beauty, Virtue, Birth,
Is the young MARQUIS every way complete:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a *she*:
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.

Oh!

Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.

King John, Act II.

Lord SAND---CH.

An you love me, let's do it; I am a dog at a *catch*. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Twelfth Night.

The Hon. G---R---E D---M---R.

———Pray thee take pains
To alloy, with ſome cold drops of modeſty,
Thy ſkipping ſpirit.

Merch. of Venice.

J---N---S H---W---Y.

Deviſe Wit! write Pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Mr. STOR---R.

Three fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once, of luſt as *Obedient*, *Mahu* of ſtealing, and *Flippertigibbet* of moping, and mowing, who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids, and waiting-women.

Lear.

Lady LOUISA F—ZP—CK.

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's Majeſty;
Atalanta's better part,
Sad *Lucretia*'s modeſty.

As You Like it.

Sir G——E S—V—LE.

He was the nobleſt Roman
Of them all: All the conſpirators,
Save only he, did that they did
In envy of great *Cæſar*.
He only in a general honeſt
Thought, and common good to all,
Made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements ſo mixt
In him, that Nature might ſtand up, and ſay
To all the world,—This was a man!

Julius Cæſar.

OLDF——D B——LES.

The beſt *actor* in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, or ſcene undivideable!

Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 7.

Hon. Mrs. F——Z——R.

Oh! when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keen, and ſhrewd;

She

She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, tho' she be but little, she is loud.

Mid. Night's Dream, Act III.

Hon. Capt. F——zp——k.

Pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.

Love's Labour Lost.

Lord Charles B——n.

His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles; his heart as free from fraud as Earth from Heav'n!

Two Gent. of Verona.

Lady G. F—zr—y.

One, that, in her sex, her years, profession, wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more than I dare blame my weakness.

All's Well.

Gen. Hon—y——d.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour.

Ditto, Act V.

Lady D——rh——st.

A wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsly to stuff a rabbit!

Taming of a Shrew.

Lord P——GY.

——By my hopes
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deed.

Hen. IV. Act V.

Sir TH——S CL——S.

——You'll be so lean, the blasts of January will blow you through and through.

Winter's Tale.

Sir J. L—DD.

——'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed: Things rank, and gross in Nature
Possess it merely.

Hamlet, Act I.

Lady JANE SC——T.

Your date is better in your pye, and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity——your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill; it eats drily!

All's Well, Act I.

Sir J. ST—N—Y.

He is gracious, if he be observ'd: he hath a tear for

for Pity, and a hand as open as day to melting Charity.

Hen. IV. Part II.

Dean of Os——RY.

I have a reaſonable good ear in muſic;——let us have the tongs, and the bones.

All's Well, Act IV. Sce. 1.

Lord V——E.

He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloyſter. For rapes, and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus*. He profeſſes no keeping of oaths, and in breaking them is ſtronger than *Hercules*. Drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue.

All's Well, Act IV.

Lord W—CH—SEA.

I am not, Couſin, covetous of *gold*;
But if it be a ſin to covet *honour*,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.

Act IV.

Lady A—N SA—N.

Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry,—Heigh ho! for a huſband.

Much Ado, Act II. Scene 1.

Duke of H——N.

Why then build me thy fortunes on the baſis of valour! Challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him: my niece ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world, can more prevail in man's commendation with women, than report with valour.

Twelfth Night, Act IV.

Counteſs of H——E.

She's a witch, a quean, an old cozening quean!—
Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down;
I ſay:
No doubt, the devil will ſoon have her!

Merry Wives of Windſor.

Lord SH—D—M.

For tho' we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads,—
He ſhall bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan, and ſweat under the buſineſs.

Jul. Cæſar, Act IV.

Lady L. W—LD—VE.

The moſt repleniſh'd ſweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram'd.

Rich. III.

Sir J. St. A——N.

Not yet old enough for a *man*, nor young enough for

for a boy: as a ſquath is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple; 'tis with him in ſtanding water, betwixt boy, and man.

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Lady B——TON.

What ſays the married woman? You may go---
Wou'd ſhe had never given you leave to marry!
Let her not ſay,---'tis I that keep you here:
I have no pow'r upon you; her's you are.

Ant. and Cleop.

Lord W—T—N.

Marry, you are the wiſer man in ſaying *nothing*: for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing. To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is in a very little of nothing.

All's Well, Act II.

Earl of C——LE.

Light *vanity*, (inſatiate cormorant) conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf!

Rich. II.

Sir Wm. A—h—ſt.

You wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange wife, and a foſ-

ſet

ſet ſeller; and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.

Coriolanus, Act II.

Ducheſs of A---le.

Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; and let me have a child of fifty.

Coriolanus.

General C---w---y.

Conſider this, he hath been bred i'th' wars ſince he could draw a ſword, and is ill ſcholar'd in boaſted language; meal, and bran together he throws without diſtinction.

Conſtance, Act III. Scene 4.

Lord Eſſ---n---m.

Who thinks he hath done well in people's eyes, hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout, giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt, whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his, or not!

March. of V.

Sir C---L D---R.

Sir, here is newly come to court, *Laertes*; believe me, an abſolute gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew; the very card and calendar of gentry.

Hamlet.

Lady

Lady CH. S——R.

Go you wild bed-fellow! if an oily palm be not a fruitful progno ſtication, I cannot *ſcratch mine ear!*

G---R P---N---L.

And ſays, if Ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſcuit
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

As You Like it.

D----ſs of B——GH.

Her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love.

Ant. and Cleop.

Mon. J——N M——N——ES.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd;
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd.
If any one aſk, Who lies in this tomb?
Ah! ah! quoth the devil, 'tis my *John a Comb!*

Life of Shake.

D——r Lady L——N.

Cleo. Come, you'll play with me, Sir.
Mand. As well as I can——Madam.
Cleo. And when good-will is ſhewn,

Tho' 't come too ſhort, the actor
May plead pardon.

Ant. and Cleop.

Lady M——NT——D.

I found you as a morſel cold upon dead Cæſar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment of Eveius Pompey's; beſides, what hotter hours, unregiſtered in vulgar fame, have you luxuriouſly pick'd out.

Ant. and Cleop.

Mr. D——NN——G.

Happy are they who have been my friends, and woe unto my Lord Chief Juſtice!

Hen. IV. Part II.

Lord CH——C—LL—R.

——————I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory,
But far beyond my depth.

Hen. VIII.

Lady G——F—N.

Quiet conſummation have. And renowned be your grave.

Cymb.

Mr. W——M W——EAD.

I am about it; but indeed my invention comes from

from my pate, as birdlime does from trees, it plucks out brains and all; but my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

Othello.

Lady D——H——GH.

Cha. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuſe it?

Iza. Not in my huſband's *noſe!*

Ant. and Cleo.

Lord D—D——Y.

Let me be no aſſiſtant for the State, but keep a farm, and carters.

Ham.

Hon. Miſs M——N.

Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman,
More worth than any man: man that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women!

Winter's Tale, Act V. Scene II.

Sir SAM——N GID——N.

We were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we all grow to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Merch. of Venice.

Countess

Countess of EGR——T.

She paragons description, and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.——

Othello, Act II.

Col. H—TH—M.

——Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice.

Love's Lab. Lost, Act V. Sce. 2.

Miss L—D—A THO—AS.

Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work!

As You Like It, Act III. Sce. 2.

Sir JOS—A R—Y——DS.

Had he himself eternity, and could put breath in his work, he would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape.

Winter's Tale, Act V.

Lady BAR——RE.

'Tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul!

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Lady

Lord NEWH——N.

New honours come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macbeth, Act I.

D——ſs of C——MB——d.

And didſt thou not deſire me to be no more familiar with common people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me *Grace?* And didſt thou not kiſs me? Deny it if they can'ſt: I put thee now to thy *book-oath!*

Hen. IV. Part II.

Lord C——G——N.

Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too!

All's Well, Act I.

Lady ANN C——L.

A Lady of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her;—ſhe bore a mind, that envy could not but call fair!

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Lady M. L——W——R, and

What! have I escaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?——but, let me see——*(reads)*.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Lady E—SK——E.

Why, this is the very same, the very words, the very hand; what doth he think of us?

Ibid.

Lord WINCH——EA.

Whether it like me or no, I am a *Courtier!*—— Seest thou not the air of *court* in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of *court?*——Reflect I not on thy baseness *court* contempt? I am a Courtier *cap-a-pie!*

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Sir J. WAL——CE.

That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan* in the face of war.
A baubbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet.
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame, and honor on him!

Twelfth Night.

D—ft—t

D—&—r W———N.

I am a very fooliſh, fond, old man,
Fourſcore and upward;
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind!

Lear.

Gen. Rains——d.

I am ſo full of buſineſs, as I cannot anſwer thee accutely.——Farewell!

All's Well.

Mr. and Mrs. Ch——b——rs.

———Beſhrew my jealouſy;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinion
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.

Rich. Act II. Sce. 1.

Alderman Ken——t.

One that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than "Eight ſhillings and ſixpence, and you are welcome, Sir!" with this ſhrill addition, "Anon, Sir! Anon, Sir! ſcore a pint of Baſtard in the half moon!

Hen. IV. Part I.

Alderman G——E——E.

——He that temper'd thee,
Hath got a voice in Hell for excellence!
He might return to vasty Tartary back,
And tell the legions, I could never win
A soul so easy as that *Englishman*'s!

Hen. V.

Dr. J——N.

You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth,
'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size!

Justice AND——N.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating.

Rich. Act V. Sce. 1.

Lord and Lady A——N.

Their wants are greater yet, my Lord;—those e'en of motion, life, and spirit;—did you but know how wretchedly they live, you'd pity them!

Rich. III.

Col. PE——LL——DE.

You see this fellow that's gone before?
He is a soldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And give directions.

Othello, Act I.

House

HOUSE of COMMONS.

My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like *tinkers* at this time of night?

Twelfth Night.

Lady M--LL--R.

She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, Now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly.

Othello, Act II.

Lord L——L——N.

He is every man in no man: if a throſtle ſing he falls ſtraight a capering: he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands!

Act I.

Lady T——T.

Bring forth men children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males.

Macbeth, Act I.

KING of FRANCE.

He hath bought a pair of chaſte lips of *Diana*: a Nun of a Winter's Siſterhood kiſſes not ſo religiouſly;
The very ice of Chaſtity is on them!

As you Like it, Act III.

QUEEN of FRANCE.

You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueleſs.

King John, Act III.

General CON——Y.

This man has marr'd his fortune;
His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth.

Coriolanus, Act III.

JOHN W——s looking after FR——K B—LL, Eſq.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I ſhould mine own gain'd knowledge much profane,
Should I hold converſe with ſuch a *ſnipe*,
But for my profit.

Othello.

Lord

Lord Str——re.

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul
Againſt thy mother aught: leave her to Heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To goad and ſting her!

Hamlet, Act V.

Miſs M——s.

The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart; but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*.——

Duke of L——ds.

The deareſt friend, the kindeſt man,
And one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Merch. of V. Act III.

Lord D——st.

Not for *Bythinia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereout glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide,
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd; therefore I pray you,
As you have ever been my *father*'s friend,
Thus much deliver.

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Lord

Lord N—O——T.

I come not friends to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as *Brutus* is;
But as you know me well, a plain blunt man.

Julius Cæsar, Act III.

L—d S——DYS.

Well said, Lord *Sands!*
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Hen. VIII.

KING of D——K.

You are a *villain!* I jest not; you have killed a fair Lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you.

Much Ado.

Sir J——N SK——NER.

Shall I never live to see a *bachelor* of threescore again? go to i'faith, and thou wilt needs thrust thy head into a yoke; wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays!

Much Ado.

Capt. R——K.

Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd *Captain?* If Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earned them. You a Captain: you slave!—for what

what?—for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house.

Hen. IV. Part II. Act I.

Mother Wind——r.

We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, who live honeſtly be the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe.

Hen. IV.

Lady D——y.

I will marry, Sir, at your requeſt, but if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Heaven may increaſe it on better acquaintance. I hope on familiarity will grow more contempt—but if you ſay, marry I will marry that I am fully diſſolved and diſſolutely

Merry Wives, Act I.

Earl of D——th.

An honeſt, willing, kind, fellow as ever ſervant ſhall come into the *houſe* withal—his worſt fault is, he is given to *caning*!

Ditto, Ditto.

Lady S—— L——x.

——I do think it is their husbands

Faults,

Faults, if wives do fall, that they ſlack their duties:
And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty os men have?
Then let them uſe uſe us well.

Othello, Act IV.

Duke of D——T.

——Caſſio's a proper man;
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.

Othello, Act I.

Lord M——M——RIS.

Why give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an agget baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head; though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withall.

Taming of the Shrew, Act I.

Counteſs of B——L.

Ev'n in the afternoon of her beſt day,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion, and loath'd bigamy.

Richard III. Act III.

Lady H——N.

——Rebellious heat,

If

If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire!

Hamlet, Act III.

Duke of G——t——n.

——————What would you have
That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that depends
Upon your favours ſwims with fins of lead.
With every minute you do change your mind,
And call him noble that was once your hate.

Coriolanus. Act I.

Mr. B——k——r.

——————What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe? Elſe
You would feed on one another! what is't you ſeek?

Coriolanus, Act I.

Rev. Mr. B——.

What the *word* and the *ſword*? Do you ſtudy them both, Mr. *Parſon*?

Merry Wives, Act III.

Mr. S——DAN.

His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which he delivers in such gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Love's Labour Lost, Act II.

E—— T—B—T.

Art thou any more than a *steward?* Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there should be no more cakes and ale?

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Mr. GAR—K.

——What a grace was seated on his brow?
Hyperion's curls! the front of *Jove* himself!
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten, or command!
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where ev'ry *God* did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a *Man!*

Hamlet, Act III.

Mr. W—KES.

They now pass by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither give to me good word, nor good look.
What! are my deeds forgot?

Troil. and Cres.

Mr.

Mr. O——VER.

When he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend.

Julius Cæſar, Act II.

Mrs. JACK C—SH.

A woman impudent, and *manniſh* grown,
Is not ſo loath'd as an effeminate man
In time of act.

Troilus and Creſſida, Act III.

Lord C——R.

Though we lay theſe honours on this man
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven as we point the way.

Julius Cæſar, Act IV.

The B——PS.

Who ſhall be pitiful if you be not.
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broils?

Henry VI. Act III.

Earl of W——k.

——Brutus and Caſſius
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd.

Julius Cæſar, Act IV.

Lord F——r.

Come, come, return thou wandering Lord,
Charles, and the reſt, will yet receive you in their arms.

Henry VI. Act III.

POLL. K——y.

Admit no other way to ſave his life,
But that you, his ſiſter, muſt lay down the treaſures
Of your body, or elſe let him ſuffer,—what would you do?

Meaſure for Meaſure, Act II.

GOV——R P——TH.

——Turn, and turn again,
Thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Henry VI. Act III.

R—— of M——H.

Aye, there's a dolt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him

him himself: I am much afraid, my Lady, his mother, played false with a smith.

Merch. of V. Act I.

Mr. J——K——N.

Such officers do the King best service in the end; he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and sponge, you shall be dry again.

Hamlet, Act IV.

E—— of D—N—GH.

Neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or Man, has so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made him, and not made him well, he imitated humanity so abominably.

Hamlet, Act III.

Mrs. B—D—D.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body.

Troilus and Cressida, Act IV.

B—P of P——H.

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
If we have lost so many *tenths* of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us

(Had it our name) the value of one *ten*;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of it up?

Troilus and Creſſida, Act II.

E—— of S——NE.

——Now beſhrew my father's ambition;
He was thinking of civil wars when he got me,
Therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide,
With an aſpect of iron, that, when I come to
Woo ladies, I fright them.

Henry V. Act V.

Mr. F—x.

As diſſolute as deſp'rate; yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth.

Richard II. Act V.

Mr. B——KE.

Yet I ſee
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpoſed; therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep even with their likes;
For who ſo firm that cannot be ſeduced?

Julius Cæſar, Act I.

Gen——l F——z—R.

Well ſaid, my noble Scot! if ſpeaking truth

In

In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould'ſt thou have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral current thro' the world.
K. *Henry* IV. Act IV.

Mr. S——L——N.

——The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
Love's Labour Loſt, Act V.

Ch——r D'E—N.

A maid, and be ſo martial?
Pray God ſhe prove not maſculine ere long.
Hen. VI. Act II.

Sir A——L——.

You'll leave your noiſe anon——
Do you take the Court for Paris garden?
You rude ſlave leave your gaping.
Hen. VIII. Act V.

E—— of M-NSF--D.

Away, burn all the Records of the realm:
My Mouth ſhall be the *Parliament* of England.
Hen. VI. Part II. Act IV.

The COM——SS——ERS.

Have you a precedent for this Commiſſion? I believe not any.
The ſubject's grief comes through commiſſions,
Which compel from each, part of his ſubſtance,
And the pretence for this is nam'd the wars with France.

Hen. VIII. Act I.

The CONG——SS.

——Why tribute? Why ſhould we pay tribute? If Cæſar can hide the Sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we'll pay him tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more tribute.

Cymb. Act III.

Earl T——P——E.

Is your blood
So madly hot that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe
Can qualify the ſame?

Troilus and Creſſida, Act II.

Lord F——L——TH.

Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of a whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab;——Letchery,

Letchery, letchery ſtill wars, nothing elſe holds faſhion.

Troilus and Creſſida, Act V.

Mr. HANS S——Y.

You are moſt bound to the King
Who lets go by no ventages, that may
Prefer you; frame yourſelf
To orderly ſollicits, that you in all obey;
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein be you ſenſeleſs.

Cymb. Act II.

The new COM—SS—R and his S——RY.

Nay, 'tis moſt certain the ſtalled rhymers
Ballad us out of tune; *Anthony*
Will be brought perfum'd forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking mimic boy attend his greatneſs.

Anthony and Cleopatra, Act V.

Earl of EFF——M.

Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And litſle bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
'Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field.

Othello, Act I.

Sir

Sir C—— B——y.

——————My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which should
stand up
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block.

As you Like it, Act I.

Duke of A——————r.

——————— I cannot tell
What Heaven has given him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that?

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Lady BRIDGET T——————HE.

Lo, in theſe windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand that made theſe fatal holes,
And makes me wretched by the death of thee.

King Richard III. Act I.

Mr. V—N—R.

Why then *taxation*, like a wild gooſe, flies unclaim'd of any man.

As you Like it, Act II.

ATT——Y.

ATT——Y G——L.

That ſurly ſpirit, Melancholy, has bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick.

King John, Act III.

CH——R D'E—N.

Queſtion, my Lord, no farther of the caſe,
How or which way; 'tis ſure they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the *breach* was made.
Pucelle hath bravely played her part.

Hen. VI. Act II.

FINIS.